

# THE SENTINEL

ESTABLISHED 1852

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## THE LOST CAUSE.

### AND THE STORY OF ITS ORIGIN.

The Whole Life of an American Illustrated by the Autobiography of Jefferson Davis.

Virginia, which had led in the effort by a peace convention to avert national ruin, when she saw the Constitution disregarded and the purpose to compel free States by military force to submit to arbitrary power, passed an ordinance of secession and joined the Confederate States.

Shortly after this, as authorized by the Provisional Congress, I removed the Confederate Capital from Montgomery to Richmond.

Among the many indications of good will shown by the way to and after my arrival at Richmond was the purchase of a very fine residence in Richmond by leading citizens. It was offered as a present; but following a rule that had governed my action in all such cases, I declined to accept it. I continued to live in Richmond until the Confederate forces were compelled to withdraw from the defenses of the capital.

That event was not quite unexpected, but it occurred before the conditions were so far advanced that Lee was forced to surrender, and Gen. Johnson consented to do so, I started, with a very few of the men who volunteered to accompany me, for the trans-Mississippi, but hearing on the road that marauders were murdering my family, whom I had not seen since they left Richmond, but knew to be en route to the Florida coast, I changed my direction, and after a long and hard ride found my camp and threatened by a robbing party. To give them the needed protection, I traveled with them for several days, until in the neighborhood of Irvinville, Ga., when I supposed I could safely leave them. But hearing at nightfall that a party of marauders were to attack the camp that night, and supposing them to be pillaging deserters from both armies, and that the Confederates would listen to me, I awaited their coming, lay down in my traveling clothes and fell asleep. Late in the night my colored coachman aroused me with the intelligence that the camp was attacked, and I stepped out of the tent where my wife and children were sleeping, and saw at the Confederates would listen to me, I advanced toward the trooper, throw off a shawl which my wife had put over my shoulders. The trooper aimed his carbine, when my wife, who witnessed the act, rushed forward and threw her arms around me, thus defeating my intention, which was, if the trooper missed his aim, to try to unhorse him and escape with his horse. Then, with every species of petty pillage and offensive exhibition, I was taken from point to point until incarcerated in Fort Sumner.

There I was imprisoned for two years being allowed the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus.

At length, when the writ was issued, the condition was imposed by the Federal Executive that there should be bondsmen influential in the "Republican" party of the North, Mr. Greeley being specially named. Entirely as a matter of justice and legal right, Mr. Greeley, Mr. Gerrit Smith, and other eminent Northern citizens went on my bond.

In May, 1867, after being released from Fort Sumner, I went to Canada, where my older children were, with their grandmother, my wife, as soon as permitted, having shared my imprisonment, brought our infant daughter with her. From time to time I observed summaries to be sent to the Federal Court of Richmond, and finally the task was assigned to District Justice Chase and District Judge Underwood, who were divided in opinion which sent the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, and the proceedings were quashed, leaving me without the opportunity to vindicate myself before the highest Federal court.

After about a year's residence in Canada I went to England, with my family under an arrangement that I was to have sixty days notice whenever the United States court should call me. After being abroad in England and on the Continent about a year, I received an offer of appointment as president of a life insurance company. Thereupon I returned to this country, and went to Memphis and took charge of the company. Subsequently I came to the coast of Mississippi, as a quiet place where I could freely work on "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." A friend from my infancy, Mrs. Dancy, who had come home with me, and subsequently sold to me her property at Beauvoir, an estate of 175 or 185 hundred acres, about midway between Mobile and New Orleans, before I finally paid for this estate Mrs. Dancy died leaving me her sole legal heir. From the spring of 1876 to the autumn of 1879, I devoted myself to the production of

## THE HISTORICAL WORK JUST MENTIONED.

It was an octavo book, in two volumes of about 700 pages each. I have also from time to time contributed essays to the North American Review and the North American Magazine, and have just completed the manuscript of "A Short History of the Confederate States of America," which is expected to appear early in 1890.

Since settling at Beauvoir, I have persistently refused to take any active part in politics, not merely because of my disfranchisement, but from a belief that such labors could not be made to conduce to the public good, owing to the sectional hostilities manifested against me since the war. For the same reason I have also refused to be a candidate for public office, although it is well known that I could at any time have been re-elected a Senator of the United States.

I have been twice married, the second time being in 1844, to a daughter of William B. Howell, of Natchez, a son of Gov. Howell, of New Jersey. She has borne me six children, four sons and two daughters. My sons are dead; my daughters survive. The elder is Mrs. Hayes, of Colorado Springs, Col., and the mother of four children. My youngest daughter lives with us at Beauvoir, Miss. Born in the last year of the war, she became familiarly known as "the daughter of the Confederacy."

JEFFERSON DAVIS, BEAUVOIR, Miss., November, 1889.

For a fuller account of my arrest see W. H. Johnson, President Tulane University, F. B. Lusk, Treasurer of Texas; B. N. Harrison, Esq., of New York City, all eye witnesses. Also "The Man Who Never Shirked a Responsibility," page 700, vol. ii., and for my life at Fort Sumner, "The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," by Dr. L. J. Graves; New York: Carlton, 1866.

## GENERAL LEE.

The Man Who Never Shirked a Responsibility.

After the close of the war, while I was in prison and Lee was on parole, we were both indicted on a charge of treason, but in hot haste to get in their work the indictment was drawn with the fatal omission of an overt act. General Grant interposed in the case of General Lee on the ground that he had taken his parole on that basis, and therefore, no subject to arrest.

Another grand jury was summoned, and a bill was presented against me alone, and amended by inserting specifications of overt acts. General Lee was summoned as a witness before that grand jury, the object being to prove by him that I was responsible for certain things done by him during the war. I was in Richmond, having been released by virtue of the writ of habeas corpus. General Lee met me very soon after having given his testimony before the grand jury, and told me that to the inquiry whether he had not, in the specified case acted under my orders, he said that he had always consulted me when he had the opportunity, both on the field and elsewhere; that after discussion, if not before, we had always agreed, and therefore he had done with my consent and approval only what he might have done if he had consulted me, and that he accepted the full responsibility for his acts. The evident purpose was to offer Lee a chance to escape by transferring to me the responsibility for overt acts. Not only to repel the suggestion, but unequivocally to avow his individual responsibility, with all that, under existing circumstances, was implied, was the highest reach of moral courage and gentlemanly pride.

Henry Grady's Estate. [From the Savannah News.] The chances that Mr. Grady left his family in comfortable circumstances seem good, though it is impossible to arrive at an accurate estimate of his assets as yet. A partner in a newspaper interests at \$100,000, and his home property at \$20,000. He had \$16,000, or 17,000 life insurance. The mortgage on his home place was not more than \$5,000, and it has been paid. The impression of those in a position to know best is that when the estate owes has been settled enough will be left to provide well for the wife and children.

## LOVE AND MADNESS.

The Weird Life History of an Insane N. O. History.

Truth often finds its counterpart in fiction, yet the tragedies of fiction are not more terrible or stranger than those of truth. Our tragic tale of a minister's intellect dethroned in 1879, his partial recovery and love episode in Cleveland, a suit on clothes annulling a marriage vow, Miss Hogue's love disappointment ending in death to the Morganton Asylum, his teaching as an independent missionary in Africa, followed by the missionary maniac, Rev. Carson L. Powell's killing his little three-year-old daughter, Ruth, in Algeria, the French province of Africa is a sad recital of woe. Some of the narrative is familiar to our Cleveland county readers, for the African missionary spent one summer here preaching and doing missionary work. He is now confined as a maniac in a French hospital in Algeria. His wife, sad and desolate, will soon leave the mission field and return to her native State, North Carolina.

We shall welcome our readers the salient points that could be enlarged into many pages; brevity is essential in this progressive age and life is short. Rev. Carson L. Powell, while a student of Wake Forest College in 1869, showed marks of insanity, and was admitted by the State Baptist Convention and traveled for his health. So he came to Shelby, remained in the county about six months, soon love threw the witchery of its charms over his young and susceptible soul. A dark-eyed and attractive young lady, Miss Victoria Hogue, was charmed by this Baptist minister who soon whispered the honeyed words of love into her willing ears, and he soon became to her a bright

star of her destiny. The happiest period in a woman's life is when love has blended her life with that of her betrothed, but love brought to Miss Hogue only shipwreck of the affection and reason, dethroned by the minister's fickleness and folly. He refused to marry on the day designated. His wedding suit ordered was tried on by the expectant groom, Rev. C. L. Powell, but it was too small. He thought this was a bad omen, and an indication from the Lord against his marriage. So he refused to make the leap and left for the central part of the State for a while.

His frequent application to be sent as a missionary by the Baptist Board of Missions was rejected because his mind was erratic. Still he determined to go as an independent Baptist missionary. In the mean time he had married in 1875, Miss Hadley, of Williamston, and she accompanied him to Africa. To show his insanity we clip the following from the Raleigh Call: "About a year later he came to Raleigh to attend a session of the Baptist State Convention. He was strongly imbued with a notion that he should go to Africa as a missionary, and made application to the various Baptist Boards of the Southern Convention to be sent to that country to do missionary work. These applications were invariably refused by all the boards on account of the condition of Powell's mind. While attending the convention here he did something which positively confirmed its unsoundness. When the convention was in session he went to a dry goods store and bought some colored calico, some ribbons and a lot of brass pins. He then went back to the church, went into the basement and stripped himself of his clothing. Then he wrapped the calico and ribbons about him, fastening them to his body by sticking the pins deep into his flesh. In this condition he walked into the main aisle, and when the convention was in session and transacting business, friends quickly took him in charge and carried him away and clothed him properly. Though the boards would not appoint him a missionary to a foreign country, they gave him some State missionary work to do." The strange case was again mentioned at the death of Miss Victoria Hogue in the Morganton asylum, of which she was an inmate, and her burial in Cleveland county. In 1879 she was to have been the bride of this Baptist minister, as above stated, but his strange conduct was so disgusting that she was antedated her mind to be dethroned. Melancholy soon followed, and her worthy and honored parents were forced in two years to send her to the Insane Asylum. Reason returned, and she came home, but the old malady returned, and she was in the Morganton Asylum when death came to her on the 15th of January, 1890. It is a maniac and slew his daughter and tried to kill his wife in Africa last month.

## PIG IRON KELLEY DEAD.

Interesting Congressional Facts About the "Father of the House."

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—Representative William D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, the "Father of the House," by reason of his having been the member in longest continuous service; one of the leading champions of protection to American industries and especially of pig-iron, from which fact he was frequently referred to as "Pig-Iron Kelley," died at the Riggs House in this city at 12 o'clock this evening. The Judge was seventy-six years old and had been more or less of an invalid for twelve or fifteen years, being a victim of stomach catarrh, but it was only a fortnight ago that he became so ill that he had to give up his work and take to his bed.

For two days he had been apathetic and unconscious. His wife, daughter and two sons were at his bedside when he died. The body will lie in state in the Capitol, and the funeral will be in charge of a joint committee to be appointed by the Senate and the House.

By the death of Judge Kelley, the distinction of being Father of the House descends to Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, who has served in Congress two years less than Judge Kelley, and is fourteen years his junior. Mr. Randall, however, is believed to be mortally ill, and it is thought that he can never resume his place in the House. In that event the patriarch of the lower branch of Congress will be a third Philadelphian, Charles W. Johnson, who is now sixty-nine years old and has served in Congress a quarter of a century.

But, while O'Neill entered Congress the same year as Randall, he does not take precedence, except from the forty-third Congress, as he was beaten for the forty-second. There, however, that same year and have never since, his services have been continuous from an earlier Congress than the forty-third. Kelly served constantly from 1861 and Randall from 1863. O'Neill's continuous service is only from 1873. Cannon, Mills, Bland and Blount all entered Congress that same year and have never since, but O'Neill ranks them by reason of his service from 1863 to 1871.

The Father of the House is not always the oldest man in it. During the most of the long period that Judge Kelley was Father of the House he was antedated by Samuel S. Cox, who first entered the House four years before him, but who broke his record when he moved from Columbus to New York. It took him four years to convince New York that it ought to send him to Congress, a conviction it did not waver in for twenty years. As Father Kelley was antedated by "Sunset" Cox, so is Father Randall antedated by ex Senator Banks, who first came to Congress in 1853, and the great objector, Holman, who arrived in 1859. There are several men who will antedate O'Neill when he assumes the paternity of the House. Judge Kelley's predecessor as Father of the House was B. Washburn, of Illinois. Judge Kelley's record was, it is believed, never excelled for continuity or length of service in the House. No man has served twenty-five years in the Senate excepting Thomas H. Benton, who served from 1821 to 1851, and then in the House by his career by the House, serving in the Congress in which General N. P. Banks had his first term.

The Most Economical Man in N. O. [From the Wilson Advance.] "Talking about hard times," said a gentleman the other day, "reminds me of a story told of the economical qualities of two well known and wealthy gentlemen living in town not so very far from Wilson. One of them, a back to his seat, finished up the last round of candy ammunition from a glass revolver and a red rolling pin. "Now pull up between two long lines of cars loaded with hogs, and wait for orders. The cracker-man ahead of me starts violently every time the other ones squeal. I am not entirely devoid of heart after all. He certainly sympathizes with the lardy passengers in the other train, and blood, after all, is thicker than water. The peanutter now comes to ask me if I would not like a pair of embryo-rod mousetraps with colored heads or them, or some other literary work. He shows me some nice gun arabic figs, while I hold his large basket for him. I tell him I do not care for figs, especially the elastic or non-corrosive figs made at the Pullman car works. Then he tries to sell me the holiday number of 'The War Cry.' I say no. I do not need it. He then urges me to buy a copy of a book entitled 'Hounded to the Southwest Corner of Pevision and Back' by the author of 'Where is My Girl To-Night?' I tell him courteously that I would not choose any. He seeks then to sell me a book containing 2,000 words, and also some tables that he says are quite thrilling. I draw him out in regard to his books. He is more interested than his literature. He finally admits, after I have told him how I dislike these flashy books like 'Looking Backward' and 'The City in the Years,' that he has a carefully selected library, although ever ready and willing to enter into a heated discussion regarding these books. It seems that he gets all his information from the passengers. He does not read the books himself. A man says, 'I do not want that book of yours, it is too prudish.' There is a young man who remembers and treasures up the remark so that the next time through the car he can bring me one that is not prudish. And so on. Finally, the young man gives me his promise that some day he will bring his hands and read some of his books. There he tries to get me a fine watch chain, with a view of Brooklyn bridge inside of it. I speak out of that, and after trying to swindle

me, he goes away, but comes back again to say that if I am through with my World he would like to see it. I give it to him. After awhile Mr. Riley comes in from the smoking car and says that by a good deal of scheming he has bribed the boy to get him through. "Would you like to look at it?" The boy has sold my World. There are a good many tragedies going on almost beneath our very eyes of which we know little till the papers tell of the denouement. I think it is denouement, is it not? I asked the sister of a woman in the room next to my own at a hotel last week, and was going to ring for a boy and ask him to find out about the cause of the trouble, but just then I heard the low voice of a man who was evidently trying to hush her up. I thought, "Why, though I could only get into a domestic spat or curtain scene, I would not interfere. I would also try not to listen. So I went on with my book, entitled, 'Light, More Light, There's Danger in the Dark.' "Pretty soon the woman gave a little unheeded shriek. But the man tried to hush her, and she only got up and said, "You are drunk," she said, "and you are going to kill me. Oh, have mercy! Please do not kill me!" He mumbled something or other that I could not hear his step to the door, thought, and open it. "No," she cried more rationally but not so loudly, "I had my finger on the bell in my room, but he hit me. Then she screamed again, and I heard a chair fall over. I thought, I expected he would not stab her in his drunken fit. "Hush," she said, "I am not hurt. Two or three years afterward, it seemed to me, the boy came, but by that time it was all still in the next room, so I sent a letter down to mail by the boy and said nothing. Then I heard a muffled groan come over the transom and then I saw my traveling bag on top of that so as to make it high enough. I never looked over a transom before. I would not now, only that I did not care to be considered a fellow assassin. Then I took a little slip of spookey, so that I would not fall and fall over backwards. Then I climbed the dizzy valves slowly. As I rose the bloody hand of a man, with some kind of steel weapon, flashed into view and was again out of sight. I got down and took a full breath. Then I took a glass of moxie and wondered what I had better do. "What would you have done, gentle reader? "I did not want to scare the man away entirely. I wanted to capture him before he killed any more helpless people. "Just touching my lips to the spookey again I slowly tried once more to climb the chair, with my own revolver at full cock, for I had determined that if I waited I would be no longer innocent. As I got up a little higher I could see the face of the brute. It hardly betrayed the true nature of the man, though the lips were tightly compressed and three was a slight pallor on the brow. "As I rose a little higher I saw a placard on the door of the room, which went on to state as follows: "S. MARATHON WELLS, D. D. S. DENTIST. Teeth Extracted Without Pain. Laughing Gas, Ether, Cocaine, Chloroform, etc., administered with the greatest care to the patient or the operator. We give either, anything, either or neither. "He was pulling her teeth while a h was under the influence of some of these drugs. We should gradually, each and all, learn from this little incident to mind our own business, such as it is. Surprising it had been as I supposed it to be—a frenzied man bustling out all the brains there were in the house, viz., those of his wife. "Would I have been safe even then in interfering? I wot not. That's wot I wot not. For the chances are more than even that when I exclaimed through my clenched teeth, 'Villain, assassin!' instead of availing him he would have maimed me the first shot and then pulled me through the transom. "He would then have knocked out my most desirable brains and with her dying breath the wife would have uttered his name, and I would have been as great a plying, meddling, nasty thing. "Whom God hath joined together let no ordinary man undertake to put asunder. BILL NYE.

Francis Marion Scott, of Drewryville, Georgia, has discovered a most valuable fiber for making bagging. It is the bark of the common peach tree of our fields. It is estimated that one or two acres in peas will produce enough fiber to make sufficient bagging for a one-horse crop of cotton. The vines are gathered after the peas are harvested, and put through rollers, then a hocking machine, then a comb, when the mass is worked into a sheet. This sheet is then sent to the patent office in Washington, D. C., for Mr. Scott, and they pronounced it a fiber of great value.

Successor to Col. Polk. [Delaware News and Observer, 16th.] Yesterday morning the executive committee of the State Farmers' Alliance elected Mr. E. C. Beddingfield as its Secretary, with offices in this city. Mr. Beddingfield is a resident of Wake county, and is a member of the General Assembly. He is twenty-two years of age, and is a native

of her destiny. The happiest period in a woman's life is when love has blended her life with that of her betrothed, but love brought to Miss Hogue only shipwreck of the affection and reason, dethroned by the minister's fickleness and folly. He refused to marry on the day designated. His wedding suit ordered was tried on by the expectant groom, Rev. C. L. Powell, but it was too small. He thought this was a bad omen, and an indication from the Lord against his marriage. So he refused to make the leap and left for the central part of the State for a while. His frequent application to be sent as a missionary by the Baptist Board of Missions was rejected because his mind was erratic. Still he determined to go as an independent Baptist missionary. In the mean time he had married in 1875, Miss Hadley, of Williamston, and she accompanied him to Africa. To show his insanity we clip the following from the Raleigh Call: "About a year later he came to Raleigh to attend a session of the Baptist State Convention. He was strongly imbued with a notion that he should go to Africa as a missionary, and made application to the various Baptist Boards of the Southern Convention to be sent to that country to do missionary work. These applications were invariably refused by all the boards on account of the condition of Powell's mind. While attending the convention here he did something which positively confirmed its unsoundness. When the convention was in session he went to a dry goods store and bought some colored calico, some ribbons and a lot of brass pins. He then went back to the church, went into the basement and stripped himself of his clothing. Then he wrapped the calico and ribbons about him, fastening them to his body by sticking the pins deep into his flesh. In this condition he walked into the main aisle, and when the convention was in session and transacting business, friends quickly took him in charge and carried him away and clothed him properly. Though the boards would not appoint him a missionary to a foreign country, they gave him some State missionary work to do." The strange case was again mentioned at the death of Miss Victoria Hogue in the Morganton asylum, of which she was an inmate, and her burial in Cleveland county. In 1879 she was to have been the bride of this Baptist minister, as above stated, but his strange conduct was so disgusting that she was antedated her mind to be dethroned. Melancholy soon followed, and her worthy and honored parents were forced in two years to send her to the Insane Asylum. Reason returned, and she came home, but the old malady returned, and she was in the Morganton Asylum when death came to her on the 15th of January, 1890. It is a maniac and slew his daughter and tried to kill his wife in Africa last month.

The Holidays in Charlotte. [Special to Landmark.] The Christmas holidays have passed off very quietly this year in Charlotte. To use the expression of an old toper, "There weren't any fun hardly, only one nigger was killed, and he ain't dead yet."

## BILL NYE'S TRAVELS.

A CRACKER-MAN'S USEFUL HARK AND THE GREAT MIND OF "NUTS."

Almost a Tragedy in the Hotel—With Characteristic Gallantry He Would Rescue a Helpless Female, but He Changed His Mind.

A short time ago I got into a box of sample crackers in one hand and a sandbag in the other, came into a car, and seeing that I had an air of comfort which sent the hot blood maddening, I thought, "Why, though I could only get into a domestic spat or curtain scene, I would not interfere. I would also try not to listen. So I went on with my book, entitled, 'Light, More Light, There's Danger in the Dark.' "Pretty soon the woman gave a little unheeded shriek. But the man tried to hush her, and she only got up and said, "You are drunk," she said, "and you are going to kill me. Oh, have mercy! Please do not kill me!" He mumbled something or other that I could not hear his step to the door, thought, and open it. "No," she cried more rationally but not so loudly, "I had my finger on the bell in my room, but he hit me. Then she screamed again, and I heard a chair fall over. I thought, I expected he would not stab her in his drunken fit. "Hush," she said, "I am not hurt. Two or three years afterward, it seemed to me, the boy came, but by that time it was all still in the next room, so I sent a letter down to mail by the boy and said nothing. Then I heard a muffled groan come over the transom and then I saw my traveling bag on top of that so as to make it high enough. I never looked over a transom before. I would not now, only that I did not care to be considered a fellow assassin. Then I took a little slip of spookey, so that I would not fall and fall over backwards. Then I climbed the dizzy valves slowly. As I rose the bloody hand of a man, with some kind of steel weapon, flashed into view and was again out of sight. I got down and took a full breath. Then I took a glass of moxie and wondered what I had better do. "What would you have done, gentle reader? "I did not want to scare the man away entirely. I wanted to capture him before he killed any more helpless people. "Just touching my lips to the spookey again I slowly tried once more to climb the chair, with my own revolver at full cock, for I had determined that if I waited I would be no longer innocent. As I got up a little higher I could see the face of the brute. It hardly betrayed the true nature of the man, though the lips were tightly compressed and three was a slight pallor on the brow. "As I rose a little higher I saw a placard on the door of the room, which went on to state as follows: "S. MARATHON WELLS, D. D. S. DENTIST. Teeth Extracted Without Pain. Laughing Gas, Ether, Cocaine, Chloroform, etc., administered with the greatest care to the patient or the operator. We give either, anything, either or neither. "He was pulling her teeth while a h was under the influence of some of these drugs. We should gradually, each and all, learn from this little incident to mind our own business, such as it is. Surprising it had been as I supposed it to be—a frenzied man bustling out all the brains there were in the house, viz., those of his wife. "Would I have been safe even then in interfering? I wot not. That's wot I wot not. For the chances are more than even that when I exclaimed through my clenched teeth, 'Villain, assassin!' instead of availing him he would have maimed me the first shot and then pulled me through the transom. "He would then have knocked out my most desirable brains and with her dying breath the wife would have uttered his name, and I would have been as great a plying, meddling, nasty thing. "Whom God hath joined together let no ordinary man undertake to put asunder. BILL NYE.

Francis Marion Scott, of Drewryville, Georgia, has discovered a most valuable fiber for making bagging. It is the bark of the common peach tree of our fields. It is estimated that one or two acres in peas will produce enough fiber to make sufficient bagging for a one-horse crop of cotton. The vines are gathered after the peas are harvested, and put through rollers, then a hocking machine, then a comb, when the mass is worked into a sheet. This sheet is then sent to the patent office in Washington, D. C., for Mr. Scott, and they pronounced it a fiber of great value.

Successor to Col. Polk. [Delaware News and Observer, 16th.] Yesterday morning the executive committee of the State Farmers' Alliance elected Mr. E. C. Beddingfield as its Secretary, with offices in this city. Mr. Beddingfield is a resident of Wake county, and is a member of the General Assembly. He is twenty-two years of age, and is a native

of her destiny. The happiest period in a woman's life is when love has blended her life with that of her betrothed, but love brought to Miss Hogue only shipwreck of the affection and reason, dethroned by the minister's fickleness and folly. He refused to marry on the day designated. His wedding suit ordered was tried on by the expectant groom, Rev. C. L. Powell, but it was too small. He thought this was a bad omen, and an indication from the Lord against his marriage. So he refused to make the leap and left for the central part of the State for a while. His frequent application to be sent as a missionary by the Baptist Board of Missions was rejected because his mind was erratic. Still he determined to go as an independent Baptist missionary. In the mean time he had married in 1875, Miss Hadley, of Williamston, and she accompanied him to Africa. To show his insanity we clip the following from the Raleigh Call: "About a year later he came to Raleigh to attend a session of the Baptist State Convention. He was strongly imbued with a notion that he should go to Africa as a missionary, and made application to the various Baptist Boards of the Southern Convention to be sent to that country to do missionary work. These applications were invariably refused by all the boards on account of the condition of Powell's mind. While attending the convention here he did something which positively confirmed its unsoundness. When the convention was in session he went to a dry goods store and bought some colored calico, some ribbons and a lot of brass pins. He then went back to the church, went into the basement and stripped himself of his clothing. Then he wrapped the calico and ribbons about him, fastening them to his body by sticking the pins deep into his flesh. In this condition he walked into the main aisle, and when the convention was in session and transacting business, friends quickly took him in charge and carried him away and clothed him properly. Though the boards would not appoint him a missionary to a foreign country, they gave him some State missionary work to do." The strange case was again mentioned at the death of Miss Victoria Hogue in the Morganton asylum, of which she was an inmate, and her burial in Cleveland county. In 1879 she was to have been the bride of this Baptist minister, as above stated, but his strange conduct was so disgusting that she was antedated her mind to be dethroned. Melancholy soon followed, and her worthy and honored parents were forced in two years to send her to the Insane Asylum. Reason returned, and she came home, but the old malady returned, and she was in the Morganton Asylum when death came to her on the 15th of January, 1890. It is a maniac and slew his daughter and tried to kill his wife in Africa last month.

The Most Economical Man in N. O. [From the Wilson Advance.] "Talking about hard times," said a gentleman the other day, "reminds me of a story told of the economical qualities of two well known and wealthy gentlemen living in town not so very far from Wilson. One of them, a back to his seat, finished up the last round of candy ammunition from a glass revolver and a red rolling pin. "Now pull up between two long lines of cars loaded with hogs, and wait for orders. The cracker-man ahead of me starts violently every time the other ones squeal. I am not entirely devoid of heart after all. He certainly sympathizes with the lardy passengers in the other train, and blood, after all, is thicker than water. The peanutter now comes to ask me if I would not like a pair of embryo-rod mousetraps with colored heads or them, or some other literary work. He shows me some nice gun arabic figs, while I hold his large basket for him. I tell him I do not care for figs, especially the elastic or non-corrosive figs made at the Pullman car works. Then he tries to sell me the holiday number of 'The War Cry.' I say no. I do not need it. He then urges me to buy a copy of a book entitled 'Hounded to the Southwest Corner of Pevision and Back' by the author of 'Where is My Girl To-Night?' I tell him courteously that I would not choose any. He seeks then to sell me a book containing 2,000 words, and also some tables that he says are quite thrilling. I draw him out in regard to his books. He is more interested than his literature. He finally admits, after I have told him how I dislike these flashy books like 'Looking Backward' and 'The City in the Years,' that he has a carefully selected library, although ever ready and willing to enter into a heated discussion regarding these books. It seems that he gets all his information from the passengers. He does not read the books himself. A man says, 'I do not want that book of yours, it is too prudish.' There is a young man who remembers and treasures up the remark so that the next time through the car he can bring me one that is not prudish. And so on. Finally, the young man gives me his promise that some day he will bring his hands and read some of his books. There he tries to get me a fine watch chain, with a view of Brooklyn bridge inside of it. I speak out of that, and after trying to swindle

me, he goes away, but comes back again to say that if I am through with my World he would like to see it. I give it to him. After awhile Mr. Riley comes in from the smoking car and says that by a good deal of scheming he has bribed the boy to get him through. "Would you like to look at it?" The boy has sold my World. There are a good many tragedies going on almost beneath our very eyes of which we know little till the papers tell of the denouement. I think it is denouement, is it not? I asked the sister of a woman in the room next to my own at a hotel last week, and was going to ring for a boy and ask him to find out about the cause of the trouble, but just then I heard the low voice of a man who was evidently trying to hush her up. I thought, "Why, though I could only get into a domestic spat or curtain scene, I would not interfere. I would also try not to listen. So I went on with my book, entitled, 'Light, More Light, There's Danger in the Dark.' "Pretty soon the woman gave a little unheeded shriek. But the man tried to hush her, and she only got up and said, "You are drunk," she said, "and you are going to kill me. Oh, have mercy! Please do not kill me!" He mumbled something or other that I could not hear his step to the door, thought, and open it. "No," she cried more rationally but not so loudly, "I had my finger on the bell in my room, but he hit me. Then she screamed again, and I heard a chair fall over. I thought, I expected he would not stab her in his drunken fit. "Hush," she said, "I am not hurt. Two or three years afterward, it seemed to me, the boy came, but by that time it was all still in the next room, so I sent a letter down to mail by the boy and said nothing. Then I heard a muffled groan come over the transom and then I saw my traveling bag on top of that so as to make it high enough. I never looked over a transom before. I would not now, only that I did not care to be considered a fellow assassin. Then I took a little slip of spookey, so that I would not fall and fall over backwards. Then I climbed the dizzy valves slowly. As I rose the bloody hand of a man, with some kind of steel weapon, flashed into view and was again out of sight. I got down and took a full breath. Then I took a glass of moxie and wondered what I had better do. "What would you have done, gentle reader? "I did not want to scare the man away entirely. I wanted to capture him before he killed any more helpless people. "Just touching my lips to the spookey again I slowly tried once more to climb the chair, with my own revolver at full cock, for I had determined that if I waited I would be no longer innocent. As I got up a little higher I could see the face of the brute. It hardly betrayed the true nature of the man, though the lips were tightly compressed and three was a slight pallor on the brow. "As I rose a little higher I saw a placard on the door of the room, which went on to state as follows: "S. MARATHON WELLS, D. D. S. DENTIST. Teeth Extracted Without Pain. Laughing Gas, Ether, Cocaine, Chloroform, etc., administered with the greatest care to the patient or the operator. We give either, anything, either or neither. "He was pulling her teeth while a h was under the influence of some of these drugs. We should gradually, each and all, learn from this little incident to mind our own business, such as it is. Surprising it had been as I supposed it to be—a frenzied man bustling out all the brains there were in the house, viz., those of his wife. "Would I have been safe even then in interfering? I wot not. That's wot I wot not. For the chances are more than even that when I exclaimed through my clenched teeth, 'Villain, assassin!' instead of availing him he would have maimed me the first shot and then pulled me through the transom. "He would then have knocked out my most desirable brains and with her dying